



Charlotte Mason's House of Education,  
Scale How, Ambleside, UK, 2009

The **Charlotte Mason Digital Collection** is a not-for-profit database created in 2009-2011 to assist scholars, researchers, educators and students to discover, use, and build upon the Charlotte Mason Collection of archives, journals and books housed in the Armitt Library & Museum (UK). To learn more about this database or to search the digital collection, go to [The Charlotte Mason Digital Collection](#).

Your use of images from the **Charlotte Mason Digital Collection** is subject to a [License](#). To publish images for commercial purposes, a license fee must be submitted and permission received prior to publication. To publish or present images for non-profit purposes, the owner, Redeemer University College, must be notified at [cmdc@redeemer.ca](mailto:cmdc@redeemer.ca) and submission of a copy of the context in which it was used also must be submitted to the owner at [cmdc@redeemer.ca](mailto:cmdc@redeemer.ca). Credit lines, as specified in the [License](#), must accompany both the commercial and non-profit use of each image.

Unless you have obtained prior permission, you may not download an entire issue of a journal nor may you make multiple copies of any of the digital images. Higher resolution images are available. [Low resolution (150 dpi), single copy printing is permitted: High resolution images for publication can be purchased. Please contact Redeemer University College in writing as specified in the [License](#) to request high resolution images.

While the document originals are housed in the Armitt Library & Museum, Redeemer University College owns the rights to the Digital Images (in jpg/pdf format) of the original archival documents and artifacts. The original Digital Images and database metadata are owned and maintained by Redeemer University College. Multiple images are bound together in PDF Packages. Click [here](#) to download the latest version of Adobe Reader for better viewing. In the PDF, click an image thumbnail to view it.

This project was made possible through collaboration among the [Armitt Library & Museum](#) (Ambleside, UK), [Redeemer University College](#) (Ancaster, Canada) and the [University of Cumbria](#) (UK) and with the financial assistance of the [Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council of Canada](#).

**Need help?** If you do **not** see a side-bar with image thumbnails:

Some of the PDF packages are large and will take some time to download. A very large PDF package may open more successfully if you download it first to your desktop. (From inside the database record, right-click on the link to the PDF package and save the link to your desktop.) Once it's on your desktop, you can open it up with a recent version of [Adobe Reader](#).

**If you have a Macintosh with Safari**, the default program to open PDFs is Preview, which does not open the PDF packets. Mac users need to download [Adobe Reader](#). If this cover page appears without a list of PDF files (either at the side or bottom of the screen), look for a paper clip or a menu option to view attachments. If you click that, you should see a list of the pages in the PDF package.

**Viewing files with Linux:** This works with the default PDF viewer that comes pre-installed with Ubuntu. While viewing this cover page in the PDF viewer, click "View" on the top toolbar, and check the box that says "Side Panel". That will bring up the side panel. The side panel will show only this cover page. Click the 'arrow' at the top of the side panel, and it will give you the option to view "attachments." If you click that, you should see a list of PDF files, which are the pages in the PDF package.





## IN MEMORIAM.

UNIVERSAL as has been the sorrow felt by the British people in consequence of the blow which has fallen on our Royal Family, that sorrow takes a special character in the case of us parents.

We feel that a *son* has died; we *know* (some of us by experience—all, surely, through imaginative sympathy) the anguish that has come to the father and mother who have seen their first-born in the spring-hopefulness of life laid in his coffin, and this peculiar sympathy should help us in a special degree to do what I think we have an instinctive desire to do at such a time—namely, to enlist our children's hearts in a reasonable and loyal attachment to their Sovereign and her family as representatives of the nation.

Whatever our political opinions may be, an event like that which has just occurred proves the simple fact that Great Britain is a land of loyal hearts that beat responsive to the joys and sorrows of the Royal Family, who are (as has been well said lately) the "microcosm of the nation," for our family feelings, as a nation, are strong, and by the strength and purity of their own family feelings and relations are our Queen and her children most closely united to those of the people over whom they are placed.

How can we make the national sorrow which results from this strong bond of domestic sympathy a thing into which our children may enter enough to learn from it a lasting lesson of loyalty and patriotism?

We teach them from books the history of their land, but do we teach them that it is they who are making a part of that history—the part which is contained in the present?

Can we not help them to realise their own place in history, and their responsibility for it and for the future course it shall take? And may not sympathy with an event of historical sorrow and national significance, such as the untimely death of our young Prince, offer a special occasion for doing this?

I think it can do so, and perhaps may be allowed to bring before the sympathetic readers of the *Parents' Review* my own manner of trying to bring home to "the little ones" of our circle the pathos of, and lessons which seem suggested by, this mournful event.

An evening or two after the Prince's death (they had, of course, frequently heard it mentioned) I drew them round me—little Douglas, Nelly (just ten), and the two smaller ones, including "Baby," and told, as simply as I could, the beautiful story of the founding of Bolton Abbey. Nelly had already learnt Wordsworth's touching poem, "The Force of Prayer." I tried to paint a vivid "word-picture" of the widowed mother sitting at her embroidery, while the gallant "Boy of Egremont" sported with his dogs on the fresh-strewn floor—how fondly and proudly her eyes fell on him when they lifted from her work; then of his start for the day's hunting with his greyhound, "ranging high and low"; of the passing on of the hours of day till sunset threw long shadows across the grass, and the Lady Alice began to wonder why her son returned not—wonder shading into anxiety and unacknowledged dread; then of the slow, sad approach of the forester, and his ominous face as the words came forth like a passing bell, "What is good for a bootless bene?" and the first anguish-loaded reply—"Endless sorrow."

I showed them, as they looked up with little wondering faces—awe-stricken at the uncomprehended grief—that this was the *first* answer; let them understand a little that it was often the first answer of a sad heart; then drew their thoughts to the next words, so pregnant with blessing to others, and therefore with ultimate healing of even such grief: "Many a poor man shall be my heir"—words which appear in the old account of the story.

I showed how in those olden times to found an abbey, where the "poor man" was aided and ministered to by the monastic orders, was the recognised manner of "doing good in their generation"—useful in those days, while other ways are better suited to present ones.

Our children have lately been led to join a Band of Child-workers for the Waifs and Strays Society, and have added to their daily prayers the words "Please bless the Waifs and Strays, and show us what we may do for them."



I pointed to this as among the modern ways of making the "poor man" our heir. Then I linked the tale I had told them to the pathetic event of the Prince's death—to the deep sorrow of the Royal parents, and I asked them to pray that out of all this grief might come a great national blessing, and that from what must now seem to the bereaved father and mother an "endless sorrow," might grow that healing tree of life—increased sympathy with and power to bless the "poor man."

I said, "Will you ask God to comfort them, and show them how to do this?" and the earnest little faces and tight hug of response showed how true and warm was the sympathy of the little hearts. My youngest—our "baby"—said to me at her prayer-time, "I hope God will comfort the Queen, and that the boy will come again." Although she had blended the fact of the young Prince's death with that of "The Boy of Egremont," I did not think that that made less real this little prayerful aspiration for him whom we surely trust will "come again" in a blissful immortality.

*A Mother of England's Children.*

## OBJECT TEACHING; OR, WORDS AND THINGS.

### PART I.

Her eyes are open;  
Aye, but their sense is shut.

*Shakespeare.*

OBJECT TEACHING has so much in common with other kinds of teaching, especially with language lessons and information lessons, that it is frequently confused with them. The distinction between them is, however, of the utmost importance, and the true nature of Object Teaching can hardly be made clear without drawing the distinction.

My first point, therefore, will be to show what Object Teaching has, in common with Language Teaching, or, in other terms, the relation of Words to Things.

If an object be presented to our eyes for the first time, we cannot at once obtain a clear vision of all its separate parts and qualities. By fixing our attention we become aware of a number of different parts and qualities, which we make out one after the other in more or less rapid succession, but the mental image of the object which we obtain in this way is far from clear or well defined. The object as it is first viewed by the inner vision is like a mass of hills in a sea of mist. Just as the numberless summits are there massed together into one ill-defined elevation of land, so the parts and qualities of the object are massed together into a vague multitude about which we can say little that is precise. The process of arriving at definition and precision is one of analysis. Out of the confused mass of impressions, first one emerges into clearness, and then another, until the division of the whole is as complete as our mind can make it. The process of analysis of an unfamiliar object is far from easy, because each separate quality and part exists in the object as a portion of an undivided whole. A piece of lump